

SLUG MAGAZINE

FREE

JANUARY 1992
ISSUE #37

*The Art Of
Body Piercing*

† Records
† Books
† Comics
† Interview with
J.C. Thirwell of
Foetus Inc.
† A Jock At December

SLUG

ISSUE #37
JANUARY 1992

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DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,

Who in the hell do you think you are? I am speaking of the fuckhead who ever so quaintly wrote "I'd rather hang with a bunch of fucking hippies, than some anal retentive blowhards..." Hey man, what the hell's eating your dick? There ain't nothing wrong with hippies. They never did jack shit to you. What the hell's so wrong with so many punks hating hippies? I mean, I'm not much of a 60's person myself, but you're no better than this SLEJ person hashin' on punks. Personally, I can hang with them. They'll just sit, fried on Acid singing about love, or the government. What's wrong with that? Didn't think you would make anyone mad by saying that did you? You were mistaken!

Love,
Mary Jane

P.S. "I may not agree with what it is you have to say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."

Dear Dickheads,

In regards to Ness' bullshit, sit-on-a-fence letter concerning KJQ ("at least they have the guts to claim to be alternative.") Ness, if Alternative punched you in the fucking head you would stand up and yell B-52. Thanks to your letter, Kerry and Bill probably got a hard-on. Those of us who would like to see a true Alternative station in this hole, really appreciated your justification of shit radio in Zion. I would be more than happy to start a fund drive and get you "a fancy cassette player," but I'm afraid you'll have to by your own R.E.M. and Oingo Boingo tapes.

Sick and truly, fucking, tired,
Mike Bastard

P.S. Merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all Dickheads

Dear Dickheads,

I would normally not consider this my forum but some things in the past two issues have moved me to write this letter. Specifically the letters from "Hard" Zachary Wallace and "Harder than You" Charlee In-Effect and also the BAD

YODELER show review.

First off, I see this Dear Dickheads section of SLUG as a forum for either hate or praise, back-biting or ass-kissing. This is exactly what I want to avoid in this letter. It's the old step-all-over-someone-to-raise-yourself-up-a-little-more routine. When I said to myself, "Oh great, another little soap opera of irritating hate." Then I found out that these two were actually friends? In the same band? I thought hmm...did they sit in the same room and write these letters together. Why? Possibly to breed some more hate, because, as you know, Zach "just can't hate enough." I associate this kind of blind hate with racist, homophobic wife-beaters. The only hate they are breeding is more contempt for their attitudes and actions. The only hardness I see is in the immediate region about their heads.

The last reaction I want from these two is more hate, but I'm sure it is the first one I'll get. So now Zackary and Charlee are more than welcome to defend their names, and I humbly offer my name for them to step all over so they can boost their egos up just a little bit more. It's the least I can do.

Now, I wouldn't want to rip on someone who takes the time to contribute to this magazine, but, The BAD YODELERS show review really got under my skin. The hero-worship in this article, from someone admittedly too drunk to even tell what was going on, was the kind of thing usually found in a Metal Maniacs Magazine on the dashboard of some SFLB's Z28 as he "cruzilz" State. And I took the remark about me "finally playing in a band worthy of my ability" as a personal cut on ICEBURN and my fellow musicians therein. ICEBURN means a helluvalot more to me than the YODELERS ever will, sorry. Is the author of this review, Charlee Johnson, the same person as Charlee "Harder than Dogshit in December" In-Effect?

Back-biting and Ass-kissing
Just something to think about,
Gentry Densley

P.S. I don't want to walk all over

anyone. I just want to kick their egos out from under them and bring them back to Earth.

Dear Dickheads,

I'm writing to complain about the ad in the December issue for The Heavy Metal Shop. I find it sick and humorless. The owner should get some help, immediately. I know him and I think he is a sick individual. Does he think he is cool? I am not a religious person, but I still find it hard on people who are that read your magazine. Does he want sales or to get attention. He will probably say it's a joke, I didn't think it was funny.

Signed,

Friend at Large

Editors Note: Dear Friend at Large, sorry, I didn't catch your name but if you find this offensive, maybe you should stick to papers like The Event and The Deseret News and stay away from Pagan Rags like SLUG.

one more time...

DICKHEADS @ SLUG

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In Addition To Decembers Cover Story...House Of Cards

Dear Dickheads,

In 1979, I listened to "Dead Air," the punk show on KRCL. I heard ZOUNDS, DISCHARGE, GBH, CRASS, etc., and I gassed on the fact that these people were saying what they wanted, totally uncensored on independent labels, and you could hear it every Saturday and Tuesday on the radio. This got me hooked. In Winter '79 and Spring '80, I'd go (with my ripped tee-shirt, boots, and spiked hair) to parties at the McAllister house, on the west side, to see locals strut their stuff: NO RODS, ATHIESTS, WILLIE TIDWELL. I remember some hippie got stabbed by some visiting skin from S.F. Nobody knew me then and I'd get thrashed in the pit, it was way before circles started.

Shortly after or aroundabout this time, gigs were happening at this bus garage called THE GREASE PIT, because it was just that! Locals played: THE MGs, SPECIAL GUEST, PRIVATE SECTOR, and POTATOHEADS. (All were still fine tuning their sound.)

The first time I ever met anybody was when Tater took me to H-Block. Me and Germ would smoke-out in the parking lot of the beauty shop next door. Everyone else was like "Rank on pot, Rank on pot." Speed was the drug of choice in those days. I met Steve & Grace, Johnny and El Cid, Chester, and Lisa. THE BOARDS played with TSOL at H-Block. Chester got his ankle broken by "some suburban punk" he said. I think it was Tater, but who knows. It got pretty wild in that small basement. THE BOARDS rocked really hard and were the local faves at the time.

Being a guitar player based in blues, my first band was a rockabilly band called SCATS, with Paul Booth on vocals, the Jahn Bros. as rhythm section, Craig from ATHIESTS on bass and Brian on drums. A friend (Gordo) was promoting a show with 004 (local ska band) and the SUBURBS. We practiced for one week and he let us open! It was at the community center on 6th South. People were very receptive because they were a dance crowd. As soon as we started to play the whole place started to dance—to our amazement! We broke up after the gig and never played again.

In 1982 I started SPENCER KIMBAL and the BRAIN-WASHED, (S.K.A.B.) We were a thrash band with Tater on

vocals. Booth on drums and Toppy on bass. We never progressed musically and played mostly parties. In winter of '83 GBH and DISCHARGE came to town and charged the whole concept for me.

Shortly thereafter, we started MAIMED with Heroin Bob on bass, Donkey Dan Blisters on drums, and Germ on vocals. We played a myriad of shows, some at the Frat House (where MINOR THREAT played) but, mostly at the Indian Center where Brad was really focussing on bringing the killer bands of the early 80's punk scene. We played our first show with the SUBHUMANOS from England. All through '84 and '85 we opened for big bands: DOA, SLUGLORDS, SEPTIC DEATH, DEAD KENNEDYS, D.R.I., BGK, BLACK FLAG, BEEFEATER, SUICIDAL TENDENCIES, the list goes on...

Maimed went through some line-up and name changes. We had Karl Alvarez on vocals and Wanda Day from 004 on drums. KAOS KIDS and TOTAL THRASH were some of the names. We got Blisters back on drums and I assumed the vocal position. We went on as a 3-piece.

In '85 we toured a little with DIATRIBE—a great band from San Diego. We went to L.A. and played Fender's Ballroom to a huge crossover crowd. The bill was G.R.I., GANG GREEN, HIRAX, BONELESSONES, and SWA. Punks and metalheads were in the audience and there were skins as security. It was a sight to behold! Chuck from SWA (Black Flag) came up to me after we played and told me he gassed on us. That was an ego boost for sure! This was in '85 and was the high point of the Maimed thing, which kept going for a couple more years.

Although I really didn't want to talk about it in the HOUSE OF CARDS interview, I want to assure people, especially my friends, that my past in the "scene" is not muddled or insignificant. In fact, I can remember pretty far back—back when most of the readers of this rag were still on training wheels.

Not as Burned out as You Might Think

Aldine Strychnine

P.S. "You can't be angry ALL the time, but that still leaves SOMETHING."



RECORD REVIEWS



IDAHO SYNDROME

Schemes Of Angels

Stron Song Records

After seeing IDAHO SYNDROME live for about four years I am real happy to see they have finally released a full length album. This self produced and funded album *Schemes Of Angels* took almost six months just to record due to line-up changes. Ryley Fogg (vocalist/lyricist/guitar) is the only original member of the band I saw perform years ago at The Word. Now the line-up is more stable and the musicianship much better—Steven Fogg, guitar; Jon Bray, bass; Matt Taylor, electronics; Buzzz, drums.

Schemes of Angels could easily be mistaken for a 4AD release by both sound and the excellent cover layout by local artist Mike Johnson. The album is well produced and could be one of the stronger efforts to come out of Salt Lake. The music is well written and the variety of the 10 songs on this CD make listening quite entertaining.

Most of the music has dark overtones like "Broken Wings," "Distance an Distain," and "Darkest Light" (my personal favorite). Ryley's deep, powerful vocals, brash guitars, subtle yet hypnotizing keyboards and a heavy foundation of bass and drums give the music a consistent yet varied perfection. Songs like "Opus of Youth" and "Afreaka" have more of a pop edge to them and could easily see some airplay if the radio stations would recognize an independent release as valid.

I have always preferred the band's majestic stage performance to their recorded work but this latest release has production quality that can't be captured live. If you want to hear local music at its best this is a keeper—hopefully we will see more from this band and Siron Song Records in the near future.

JR Ruppel

WEIRD (PORK)

Louder Than Circles

In most instances I would pass off an experimental piece of work like this little ditty as "Shit Sandwich." However, after actually listening to this one of only seventy released tapes I was sort of impressed. The production quality is the shits but the creativity involved is quite good; what do you expect for a buck?

This tape has about fifteen songs that range from radio interviews, country western songs, and full-on noise. There are basically only a few musicians who are the foundation of the band including Billy Blizzard, Ian and Dane. I can't read any of the other names who contributed to this effort but the list is quite extensive. My favorites were "Think about Art," "Polyester, Love Muffin," and the last song, "Lack of Communication."

This is quite an interesting collection and should be picked up. But I will warn you the recording quality isn't the greatest, but the price is minimal. If you can still find them at Raunch Records...do so.

JR Ruppel

TUMOR CIRCUS

Alternative Tentacles

By now, loyal SLUG readers know of my admiration for Jello Biafra. What they may not know about is my disdain for STEEL POLE BATHTUB. Consequently, when the two forces of nature joined together for a 7" single

last year, I was hoping that would be the end of it. Unfortunately, it was not.

Since the DEAD KENNEDYS broke up, Biafra has been consciously avoiding any similarities to DK. That strategy has finally backfired (after an unspectacular pairing with D.O.A. and a decent duet with NOMEANSNO), as musically TUMOR CIRCUS doesn't even do STEEL POLE BATHTUB justice. Most numbers are just mind-numbing grunge, especially with guitars (by SB's Mike Morsky) that sound like, at best, a youngster tuning his first guitar. At worst, they sound like Wayne Campbell ("Wayne's World") making a record.

Worst of all, Jello so subdues his melodramatic quarto to the point of being subservient to the grooves, none of which get any better than bad heavy metal. It's so disappointing that I'd recommend listeners to scrap the CD or cassette in favor of the lyric sheet (which shows how good this could have been). Don't waste your money, folks.

Chris Robin



MONKEY SPANK

Blue Mud

Merkin Records

Yet another Baltimore band, and just as promising. Featuring Allison Futeral on drums/backing vocals, Bill Corsello on drums, Dave Kahle on bass/vocals/clarinet, Brian Rice on guitar/vocals, Kendall King on drums, and Kevin Keelty on bass. Quite a bit of talent here, and MONKEY SPANK definitely know how to pull things together.

Blue Mud is their first full length album, which follows their EP, *Demons Flew Out Of My Mouth*. Spanks energy really shines through on *Blue Mud*, something which is not easily achieved.

These guys are great; extremely percussive (with three drummers, it's hard not to be), lots of bass, very melodic riffs, raw vocals, and great rhythm changes. Most impressive is the use of drums, bass (doubled on a few songs), and vocals. The combination of these elements ends with a overall unique sound.

Blue Mud features 12 tracks, plus bonus track "Dr. Omar," the single off the first EP. Other cuts include "Kwenda Kufum Bale," a song with a very primitive, tribal sound; "So What," and "Hero," another cut from the EP, but a completely different version.

To sum it all up, *Blue Mud* has a unique sound, not comparable to anything I've ever heard. If you're looking for something new and different, pick up *MONKEY SPANK*.

Mishell



BUTTSTEAK

Fatty's Got More Blood

Merkin Records

Ah, BUTTSTEAK. This Baltimore based band is something to hear. Simple, crazy stuff is what they produce, blending guitar and silly lyrics ("pigs have doodle tails"). The entire album has a rough edge, combining female and male vocals, which adds an interesting touch.

Check out "Johnnys Got A Butt With A Hole," "Cilantro," and the ever popular "Now Groovy Cool." And along with 23 songs are the sagas of Captain Seniorita, who has come to save the day. Most groovy.

BUTTSTEAK has an appealing sound, to say the least. If you haven't heard them, it's about time you did!

Mishell

BARKMARKET

Vegas Threat

Merkin Records

New York three-piece BARKMARKET has finally released their 3rd album *Vegas Threat*. *Vegas Threat* is very intense and brings one to realize how comical life can be.

as hell, GREAT album. Do you want that BARKMARKET experience? Get *Vegas Throat*, you won't regret it.

MisHall & Eli

SPIREA X

Fireblade Skies

440

After two successful singles, Spirea X releases their first full-length record on England's 4AD label. Fulfilling all the promise of their singles, *Fireblade Skies* takes Spirea X's listeners further into the groove. Named for a song from frontman Jim Beatty's days with Primal Scream, Spirea X mixes groovy drum beats and bass lines with electric guitar layers and mellow vocals, sounding at times like a 90's Moody Blues.

Included on the record are re-worked versions of *Speed Reaction* and *Chlorine Dream*, plus nine other songs that are just as good for the dance floor as they are for your home stereo.

Beatty's voice is dreamy, giving the record an overall cohesiveness and pulling the listener into the music.

So grab yourself a copy of *Fireblade Skies* and trip with Spirea X.

Matt.

BARKMARKET manages to put out some heavy, rockin' stuff in an unusual manner. John Nowlin's vocals really hit home. His constant, powerful voice screams social satires which all ring true. BARKMARKET is indeed a unique experience. The heavy bass and intense vocals make their experience complete.

This album is very full; it's not often that a three-piece band can sound like a five-piece. Take songs like "The Nuisance," and "Grinder" big rich songs chalked full of meaning. Don't miss the Hendrix cover "I Don't Live." *Vegas Throat* takes you in a full circle.

BARKMARKET has succeeded in putting out a well rounded, intense

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FREEDOM TO SPEAK AND NOT BE CENSORED

"Well—All good things must come to an end, they say. So American freedom will come to an end, too, sooner or later. How will it end? As all freedoms end: By the surrender of our higher laws."

—Kurt Vonnegut

For the last couple of months, there has been controversy because SLUG dared to print letters

by "Neo-Nazis." Anyone who knows me knows me knows that I don't condone racist bigots, but by "Bob,"

I'll be the first to defend their constitutional right to make asses of themselves. I don't mean to make light

of their views, I just mean to tell you that if this country is to be a true "Democracy" we must put up with all speech, whether or not we agree with it.

There is no such thing as a "true" or "false" opinion. When it becomes something else, like an act of aggression, such as that by the Nazis recently at The Pompadour or by bigots against "Queer Nation" members at an Andrew Dice Clay show, then the line is crossed and it is subject to "law enforcement."

I may be stirring up a hornet's nest, but I'm sick and tired of so-called "liberals" who believe in free speech only in pet causes—such as Pro-Choice, anti-nuke, etc.—and would deny others their rights because it's not "politically correct" for them. To tell you the truth, I'm not sure which is worse—the fascistic religious right or the hypocritical left. All I know is that the best way to discredit racists and bigots is to allow them to their right to sound off their views, as idiotic or offensive as they might be.

As we've all heard, the price of freedom is eternal vigilance. I know we're not even close to free yet. But, if we give up our rights to free speech, we'll lose any chance of ever living in a truly "free" society. Remember, if we allow censorship and other free-speech dangers by deny-



ing any group its First-Amendment rights, then SLUG might be next...and then even your thoughts. It is NOT a laughing matter.

Chris Robin

Chris Robin's List of 1991 Ten Best Albums

1. Jello Biafra
Blow Minds For A Living
2. Nova Mob
The Last Days of Pompadour
3. The Descendents
Samery
4. Robin Hitchcock and the Egyptians
Perspex Island
5. Warlock Pinchers
Circusized Peanuts
6. John Wesley Harding
The Name Above The Title
7. Bob Marley & The Wailers
Talkin' Blues
8. Billy Bragg
Don't Try This At Home
9. The Buzzcocks
Time's Up
10. Jello Biafra with Nomeansno
The Sky Is Falling And I Want My Mommy

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FEATURE STORY

HEMP AND THE MARIJUANA CONSPIRACY: THE EMPEROR WEARS NO CLOTHES

The Authoritative Historical Record of the Cannabis Plant, Marijuana Prohibition and How Hemp Can Still Save the Planet

by Jack Herer Queen of Clubs Publishing

Marijuana was outlawed in 1937 due to racism, greed, deception and lies, primarily through the instrument of Harry J. Anslinger of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs (FBNDD), the predecessor of the Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA) who testified before Congress that "marijuana is the most violence-causing drug in the history of mankind."

Anslinger was appointed director of the FBNDD in 1931 by his future uncle-in-law, Andrew Mellon, of Mellon Bank (DuPont's financial backer); his goal: criminalize cannabis hemp, which had accounted for nearly all paper, textiles, rope and lighting oil used prior to the 1930's, and promised, with the advent of new technologies, to become America's new billion dollar crop with over 25,000 applications ranging from biomass fuel to Cellophane. With the improved methods of processing raw hemp, it was expected that hemp products would replace the polluting sulfate/sulfite processes of making paper from wood pulp, as well as the environmentally detrimental processes of making plastic from oil and coal, which were patented in 1937 by DuPont, then the nation's leading munitions manufacturer. The hemp seed oil market, which in 1935 consumed 58,000 tons of seed for paints and varnishes, went to DuPont's petrochemicals.

Additionally, oil companies risked losing their lucrative petroleum fuel markets to hemp oil and biomass fuel produced from the cellulose of hemp (among other) plants. Henry Ford foresaw some of the detriments of petrochemicals and strived to replace fossil fuel with biomass. However, Rockefeller, Rothschild and others lobbied in the late 1800's to create the ubiquitous monopoly over en-

ergy that the multinational petrochemical companies enjoy today. In fact, on the New York Stock Exchange, over 80% of the total value of issues traded is directly related to the fossil fuel industry, which is diametrically opposed to the employment of biomass as a source of energy, due to the more efficient and environmentally stable nature of the earth's premier source of renewable energy, hemp.

Inextricably involved in the "anti-marijuana" campaign, the timber industry and paper manufacturing industry also stood to lose substantial portions of their markets. The Hearst Empire, with its large timber holdings and nationwide newspaper chain unscrupulously and viciously attacked "marijuana" use with such a racist, deceitful smear campaign that by the time of the proposition of the Marihuana Tax Bill (1937), very few people, not even the American Medical Association, knew that marihuana and cannabis were the same substance. After the AMA realized what marihuana is, Dr. James Woodward testified before the House Ways and Means committee that cannabis is a benign substance used in scores of medical applications for over a hundred years, and that the federal testimony against marihuana was pure fabrication. The Ways and Means committee, however, told Congress that the AMA was in "complete agreement" with the prohibitive tax.

The pharmaceutical companies were also in favor of hemp prohibition because the raw drug cannabis is unpatentable (because it requires no chemicals) and the legal drug industry joined in the fray to "wipe out the natural competition."

The medicinal purposes of cannabis hemp, as they are presently known, include the treatment

and/or relief of asthma, glaucoma, tumors, nausea, epilepsy, M.S., back pain, muscle spasms, migraine headaches, cystic fibrosis, herpes, rheumatism, senility, stress and dementia, as well as being the best natural expectorant for treating emphysema and to clear the lungs of smog, dust and tobacco-related phlegm. Cannabis can also serve as an appetite stimulant, relaxational, sleeping aid and a recreational/creative aid.

Conversely, marijuana smoking has never resulted in a single incident of death or even cancer, and the THC metabolites that linger in the body for 30 days are a non-toxic, harmless residue, which don't, as was thought, cause sterility. Another popular myth is that marijuana use results in brain damage. The Heath/Tulane monkey study, conducted in California, in 1974, under Governor Ronald Reagan which came to this conclusion, maintained their lie for 6 years, while NORML and Playboy sued the government, under the Freedom of Information Act, to find out how they obtained their results. What they found was that the monkeys who suffered brain damage due to marihuana consumption were strapped in a chair and, within five minutes, dosed with the equivalent of 63 Colombian strength joints through gas masks. The monkeys died of asphyxiation and carbon monoxide poisoning which caused the brain damage that was attributed to marihuana use.

This is just a small example of the level of corruption in American government and business exposed in Jack Herer's fully documented, 1991 edition of *The Emperor Wears No Clothes*. Citing seemingly insurmountable evidence testifying to the statement "Hemp can save the planet," Herer's research has uncovered some intriguing motives behind the Drug War.

For example: George Bush, after he served as director of the C.I.A., was made director of the Eli Lilly Pharmaceutical Company by Dan Quayle's father. While Bush was Vice-President, he lobbied (illegally) for eased restrictions on pharmaceutical companies (such as Eli Lilly) that were selling drugs that were unwanted or illegal in the U.S. He also went to the I.R.S. to secure a tax break for certain drug companies (such as Lilly) operat-

ing in Puerto Rico. The Supreme Court found out what Bush was up to, and ordered him to stop. A 23% additional tax break was granted to Bush's friends, anyway.

The World Health Organization estimates that some 500,000 people per year are poisoned by the chemicals, pesticides and "medicines" dumped on the Third World, by the same pharmaceutical companies that campaign so heavily (along with the tobacco and alcohol companies) here, in the U.S.

Alcohol caused over 150,000 deaths in the U.S. in 1988, in addition to at least 50% of all traffic deaths and 65% of all murders. For the same year, tobacco related deaths claimed about 350,000 lives. Diazepam (valium) is the most widely abused drug in the U.S., responsible for more emergency room admissions than cocaine, heroin and morphine related problems combined.

Marijuana Prohibition is an example of our government's flat refusal to respect the democratic process and the Bill of Rights (there are at least 30 million pot smokers in America) and is a blatant abridgement of human liberty. The illegality of cannabis hemp is not, however, just a hassle for the stoner and a stepping stone for increased government control of our lives; it is a detriment to humanity, as a whole. The hemp plant is the answer to land reclamation, deforestation, reversing the Greenhouse Effect, replacing petrochemicals and developing the Third World.

For further information, read *The Emperor Wears No Clothes*, (available through *High Times*), contact the Business Alliance for Commerce in Hemp (B.A.C.H.-a Salt Lake branch has recently been opened) and call 1-800-662-HELP, which is the number for the Partnership for a Drug-Free America Information line on the "dangers of marijuana".

Be informed, be active, or beware. Whether you smoke pot or just feel that it is a fundamental right to decide for oneself which substances to consume or not, express your opinion before the First Amendment is repealed.

Eric M. Zsebenyi

COVER STORY

The Art Of Body Piercing

The first time I ever saw a person with a pierced nose I was repulsed, yet strangely fascinated. I wondered why anyone would want to do that to themselves and why a person would inflict such pain on their body. As is often the case, fascination grew to obsession, and what started as a long string of piercing my own ears has turned into eleven ear piercings, a pierced nose and two pierced nipples. Now it's my turn to hear "why do you do that to yourself?" and "did it hurt to get that done?" to which I calmly reply, "Of course."

Body piercing has become more prevalent in the nineties, possibly fueled by the self-destructive tendencies of the punk era. But it has moved beyond the experience of "superiority through a lot of pain" and into the realm of body decoration and enhancement, both sexual and physical. An age old process, seen in most all ancient cultures in one form or another. From primitive cultures such as African tribes who used body piercing as a display of social class, position in one's tribe or family, and a passage into adulthood by both sexes (each piercing distinguishing rank, but just as much for the aesthetic values of decorating one's body. Various cultures have, and do practice piercing for as many different reasons as there are decorated people. Piercing can be a self-esteem booster. The pain is a necessary part of the process which is endured so that the final product can be enjoyed. There are companies that specialize in

jewelry designed specifically for piercings of ears and other parts of the anatomy such as nipples and genitals. Gauntlet Inc. out of Santa Monica California produces a "complete line of jewelry for every type of piercing," with jewelry available in gold, silver and surgical stainless steel. They also create custom-made jewelry, tailored to the tastes of the individual. If you're interested in and brave enough to do your own piercing, or you don't have access to professional piercing, Gauntlet also has supplies so you can safely pierce at home.

One of the foremost publications on piercing is PFQ, or *Piercing Fans International Quarterly*, which form the basis for worldwide network of body piercers. Piercing fans from all over the world send in their personal experiences and photos which are then incorporated into the text of the magazine. With direction from Jim Ward, PFQ is a great publication which promotes body piercing and gives the practice validation.

The process of piercing is fairly simple when done by a trained professional. The area to be pierced is first sterilized and then marked to insure proper placement. Body piercings are done with a hollow-tip needle which allows the jewelry to be



pulled through the hole easily and quickly. The needle is pushed through the skin while the jewelry is inserted into the hollow tip. Once this is done the needle is pulled through the skin, bringing the jewelry with it. Hoops are then secured and the area of piercing is further sterilized to aid in healing process. New piercings, with proper care, begin to heal quickly. The whole process takes place in a matter of minutes. It is quick and the pain lasts only a few seconds.

For best results, have your piercings done professionally. This cuts down considerably on the risk of infection, especially in areas that aren't usually exposed to such practices. ASI TATTOO here in Salt Lake offers body

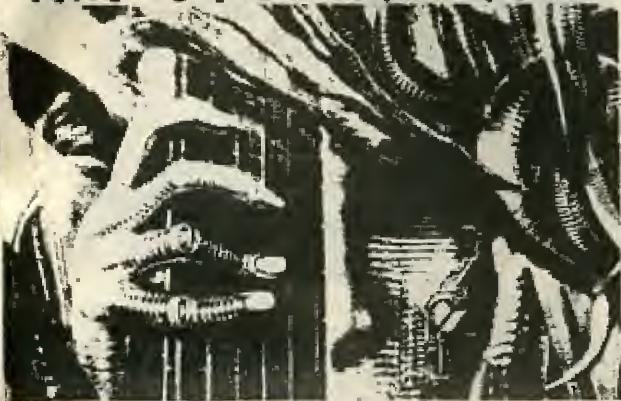
piercing as one of their services and has jewelry designed specifically for body piercing.

Body piercing takes its participants into a new area of uniqueness. While many would look upon piercing as "just another fad" there seems to be more self-expression involved, as often the piercings are in areas that can't be seen by the general public and are a personal trademark. There's a certain sense of satisfaction involved in knowing of your piercings while others are completely oblivious to the fact.

Matt Taylor

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5 IMPROV COMEDY AND ACOUSTIC MUSIC	7 THE REMAINS	8 THE CHANG	9 THE CHANG	10 STEVE MCORMIC	11 STEVE MCORMIC
12 IMPROV COMEDY AND ACOUSTIC MUSIC	14 THE STRANGERS IN & OUT	15 THE STRANGERS IN & OUT <small>FROM SEATTLE</small>	16 SPEAK NO ILL	17 JOHN RAYLEY	18 JOHN RAYLEY <small>LIVE REGGAE</small>
19 IMPROV COMEDY AND ACOUSTIC MUSIC	21 INSA- TIABLE	22 INSA- TIABLE	23 ROAD FRISBEE	24 GAMMA RAYS	25 GAMMA RAYS
26. IMPROV COMEDY AND ACOUSTIC MUSIC	28 IDAHO SYNDROME	29 SPEAK NO ILL	30 LEAVING TRAIN	31 THE CHANG	1 WINE OF CHAM TOON HALL

BOOK REVIEWS



MODERN PRIMITIVES

Research Publications

Probably the most well-known and provocative of the ReSearch works is *Modern Primitives*. This book is often passed by for its literary value and passed around like so much pornography. While the written pieces and photos have their shock value, the point of this work is to understand the actions of a subculture of humankind; the one connecting thread throughout all the ReSearch publications.

Modern Primitives explores the limits of body modification, delving into persons who are involved in body piercing, tattooing and scarification. There are also side-trips into the world of the underground S & M society, as well as an intensive study of Fakir, a man who has taken body modification to its utmost limits. A world that has been kept in the dark and looked upon as anomalous, comes right into the bright light and is exposed for understanding or judgement-which ever you choose.

While the title seems a contradiction, these practices of body modification are ancient in origin and have been practiced by humanity for untold numbers of years. Many of these practices-tattooing, piercing and scarification-are ritualistic in nature and were possibly religiously or spiritually motivated.

Even now those who practice them have personal reasons and receive their own inner gratification in so doing. In many ways it is the catharsis of pain as well as a way to enhance one's personal appearance and sense of self-worth. Whatever the reasons, this book talks frankly with those involved in these practices and the reader gains some great insight and a better understanding of these practices.

Some of the better known subjects of this book are Genesis and Paula P'Orridge of *Psychic TV*, Don Ed Hardy, editor of *Tattootime*, Monte Cazazza, and Jim Ward, who is heavily involved in the publication *Piercing Fans International Quarterly*. These are experts on the subject matter either from personal experience or from years of involvement and research in these fields.

If you have a real interest in body modification or even a fascination with these experiences then pick up a copy of *Modern Primitives* and enjoy the highly revealing aspects of this publication as well as the interesting photos which accompany the various articles. It will open your eyes!

Matt Taylor.

JURASSIC PARK

MICHAEL CRICHTON

For those of us who loved dinosaurs as youngsters and never quite gave up on the giant reptiles, author Michael Crichton has created a dandy Christmas present: *JURASSIC PARK*.

Building on the premise of possible cloning of dinosaurs via DNA extraction from fossils, Crichton posits that scientific interests would be overridden by commercial and capitalistic ventures. In fact, the lure of creating a kind of Disneyland with dinosaurs is irresistible for the fictitious InGen Cor-



poration and its eccentric head, John Hammond.

Around this central idea, Crichton weaves a fascinating tale that mixes entertainment, scathing criticism of modern-day science's willingness to prostitute itself to powerful economic interests, and wonderful history, geography, and scientific information, and cutting-edge ideas like chaos theory. As usual, the author manages to combine these diverse elements into a delightful whole, never getting preachy or boring.

In addition, Crichton throws in some of his strongest characterizations to date; all to powerful effect. Crichton's heroes are very ordinary, flawed humans. Thus, when tension builds, the reader is that much more involved. The elements used create such powerful and plausible situations that the story becomes compelling and vivid; the novel is nearly impossible to put down.

Much of the plot this writer is reluctant to reveal because the element of surprise and excitement should be left to the reader. But it can be revealed that things start to go very wrong in the experimental "park" and progress uncontrollably when InGen hires experts in to investigate just what has gone wrong with Hammond's idea. Crichton's protagonist amidst all this is Paleontologist Alan Grant, a very likeable and believable hero.

The result of all this is a read-

ing experience that is suspenseful, engrossing, and more than just a bit thoughtful. For example, while on the surface it may appear that cloning dinosaurs is an entirely possible event, the problems associated with creating a survivable environment for the animals are enormous. Aside from this, the moral and ethical considerations are staggering: should genetically-engineered creatures be studied or available for dull-witted human entertainment? Coupled with very realistic implications that companies are willing to compromise human safety for economic gain, the book delves into some meaty topics.

If there is some bad news in all this, it's that over-blown movie mogul Steven Spielberg has optioned the novel for a movie, rather than author Crichton, whose *WEST WORLD* was similar and wonderful excursion. Nevertheless, *JURASSIC PARK* should stand on its own as a superlative mainstream novel and Crichton's best work since *CONGO*. Indeed, modern writers should be encouraged to go beyond ordinary melodramatics and go for the rewards to be gained by adding some thought and ideas in with creative formula. Michael Crichton remains one of the foremost practitioners of the thoughtful approach. This book is a delight.

Scott Vice

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COMIC REVIEWS

Last month, SLUG profiled some of the outstanding comic magazines from Seattle's Fantagraphics Co. Fortunately, for the discerning comic fans among us, Canada's Drawn & Quarterly Co. is quickly becoming a match for Fantagraphics.

Brothers and comics creators Chris & John Oliveros started the company with a superb anthology title that bears the company's name. Eventually, the two have signed other original comic creators to not only fill the anthology, but start their own magazines.

Also very fortunately, in addition to Salt Lake's Comics Utah and Provo Atomic Comics (both of which carry excellent selections of independent comic titles), Raunch has started carrying back issues of Drawn & Quarterly. Al hail, Brad & Brad!

DRAWN & QUARTERLY



DRAWN & QUARTERLY

So far the crowning achievement of the young Canadian Drawn & Quarterly Company, this anthology spotlights young and talented North American artists who might not ever see print elsewhere.

The latest issue, number six, features Luc Giard's update of legendary comic character of Tintin in 'The Statue,' foobart Sturgeon's 'The New Adventures of Jesus,' Maurice Vellekoop's 'A Heterosexual's guide to gay cruising' and the brilliant strips of cartoonist Joe Matt. Although Matt is getting his own title to showcase his brutally honest and self-reflective strips,

"Automatt," this title should still continue its dedication to publishing young talent—without pandering to audience besieged with comics bearing naked women, superheroes, mutants and/or elves.

Additionally, those interested should pick up back issues at Raunch, especially #3 & 4 (both of which contain frank "Automatt" strips on sex and Foobart Sturgeon's "Paddy Booshwall," loosely based on a certain U.S. president) and #5 (with Mary Fleener's dead-on target "Extreme Generation"). Trust me once in awhile, folks.

Chris Robin

DIRTY PLOTTE

Hailed by comic professionals as one of the most exciting new talents in the field, Julie Doucet finally hit the "big time" with the 1991 debut of her DIRTY PLOTTE.

Unfortunately (for this reviewer at least), Doucet's work leaves a lot to be desired, a fact that should be saddening considering the lack of quality representation by females in a field dominated by dull-witted male power fantasies of buff men in tights.

An indication of the direction of this title can be found in the name—"plotte" is a crude French-Canadian term for a part of the female anatomy. And that's not the extent of the tastelessness of this comic.

Indeed, Doucet throws in elements like self-mutilation, nose-picking, hygiene, and worthless fantasy about her cat becoming anthropomorphic and engaging in prostitution and more. All of this would be bearable were the humor anything above junior high level. But the approach is so childish and aimless that the tales become nearly torotous.

There is a glimpse of talent in Doucet's parody of Star Trek and her willingness to explore her own subconscious, but all promise is obscured by an evident lack of what makes a story...interesting.

That isn't to say that Doucet is untalented. Her honesty is refreshing and her cartoon style is polished, expressive, and engaging. If only her subject matter were up to these standards...

If any of this sounds fascinating to

the reader, this reviewer would encourage one to push the local comic stores to carry less mainstream comics like DIRTY PLOTTE. But, DIRTY PLOTTE is a disappointment and a discouraging read. (\$2.50, b & w)

Scott Vice

PALOOKA-VILLE

Continuing the recent trend towards more autobiographical material in comics, cartoonist Seth has created PALOOKA-VILLE.

Unfortunately, the results are sadly mixed. While the candor and honesty expressed by this movement are refreshing, there seems to be a lack of discretion as to what constitutes an interesting "real life" tale.

In the case of PALOOKA-VILLE, the latest issue (#2) is only mildly entertaining. Creator Seth narrates a story of his days as a cook at a seafood restaurant in a resort community. But while the co-workers and situations described are suitably realistic and bizarre, there appears no real point to the narrative.

Perhaps this criticism is unfounded since this is only the first of a two-part story. And, the previous issue was much better, with Seth running afoul of mistaken "gay-bashing." But, the best part of the issue is the back page which relates a funny story of "perch night."

Seth's artistic style goes some way in alleviating problems with the story content. Indeed, the drawings are evocative of classical cartooning from the 40's. It may not work for those who expect comic art to look a certain way, but it is used to create powerful images and style.

Certainly, Seth is still growing in terms of artistic development and has progressed a great deal since his days as illustrator on Vortex's bizarre mystery title MR.X. With continued growth, PALOOKA-VILLE could be one comic to watch. In the meantime, discriminating readers may want to give it a look. (\$2.50, b & w)

Scott Vice

COMICS COMMENTARY

While 1991 may have been slightly depressing in that the comic industry continued to promote juvenile superhero fantasy, the year saw its share of triumph with the emergence of new creators willing to try different approaches. Below are listed the top titles for 1991 as selected by this reviewer:

*10. DEADLINE

primarily noted for being the home of the phenomenally popular "Tank Girl," this magazine continues to entertain with work by some of the UK's finest creators, "Milk & Cheese," music news and interviews, and more. Only for the truly cool.

*9. CAGES

Talented illustrator David McKean moved into writing as well with this 10-issue series focusing on the lives of people in an apartment building. Meaty, thoughtful, and cynical.

*5. PIRATE COCKS

MILK & CHEESE creator Evan Dorkin's first and greatest creation, PC!, features tales of lost love, the search for Nettle's Quick, hockey, ska, and lots more. For those who want a story with the humor.

*7. YUMMY FUR

Chester Brown's baby, this comic has changed from bizarre tales of Ed the Happy Clown to tales of Chester. Surprise—the comic has improved.

*6. EIGHTBALL

Bizarre and wildly innovative, Dan Clowes' comic is only for those with...intelligence.

*5. HATE

Tales of Peter Bagge's aimless loser, Buddy Bradley and more. A scathing satire and truly funny comic.

*4. THE JAM

Truly different, this five-issue series features a costumed hero with a difference. Humorous, touching, and genuinely warm, readers who missed it are in luck. Tundra is reprinting it in color next year.

*3. GRAFIK MUZIK

Vampires, angels, robots, and the frankly wonderful Cheetah-Man. This title has gone on hiatus. A big loss.

*2. DEADFACE: DOING THE ISLANDS WITH BACCHUS

Eddie Campbell's tale of the Greek gods, told by the still-surviving Bacchus. Entertaining, enlightening, and wonderfully creative.

*1. CEREBUS

The most intelligent comic being produced anywhere just continues to get better. If there's one comic you should be buying, this is it.

Maybe if more people were to buy titles like these, which dare to do more than titillate acne-scarred males, crap like SPIDER-MAN and BATMAN would finally flop—and deservedly so.

Scott Vice



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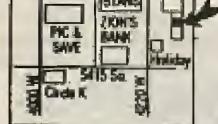
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THE POMPADOUR CLOSES

Well, it's official. As of January 4th, 1992, the Pompadour Club is out of business, and this time, it's permanent. Opened by Wes and Golden Meier in September, 1990, management of the Pompadour was assumed by new owners in January, 1991. Despite the production of high quality live shows nearly every weekend and Industrial dance night once or twice a week since the new owners took over, the Pompadour has been plagued by numerous problems, including vandalism, fights, and skinheads. However, the kiss of death for the club was its high rent.

Patrons of the Pompadour, including aficionados of industrial, punk, metal, and local music alike, are sure to be saddened by the demise of the Pompadour Club. Virtually the only non-alcohol serving live music establishment in Salt Lake, the Pompadour was one of the few places in town at which under-21's could listen and

mosh to non-recorded music on a regular basis.

Particularly disheartened by closure of the Pompadour are members of often struggling local bands, who could, until January 4th, count on the Pompadour Club as a place to try out their talents on a willing audience, and, in contrast with some other clubs, actually make some decent money, a fact which perhaps contributed to the Pompadour's financial woes.

The only consolation is that SLUG Productions will be renting the Pompadour hall on an occasional basis, mostly for touring act gigs. On February 8th, The Mighty Mighty Bosstones, from Boston, will be appearing with local bands Swish, Herschel, Swim and Iceburn. Other acts will be booked soon. Keep in touch with the folks at the SLUG office (467-4742) for further information.

Hinda Zelda

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interview

with Jim Thirwell aka Clint Ruin
of FOETUS INC.

SLUG: So you've been pretty busy lately?

Thirwell: Yeah, pretty much.

SLUG: You had two EPs that came out in the last two weeks...

Thirwell: No, three actually: *Steroid Maximus* album, *Wiseblood* mini album and *Clint & Lydia* EP.

SLUG: How do you find the energy to do all these different projects?

Thirwell: I'm just a boy who can't say no. I have a lot of projects going on at once. They all kind of come out in clusters cause I'm working on a lot of different things simultaneously. As well as working with a lot of other people.

SLUG: Are they mostly projects inspired from yourself or do people approach you?

Thirwell: I've been approached by people. More often it's people I want to work with anyway, or people whose work I've admired. Sometimes I approach people and offer my services, thinking we could do something good together. Like *Steroid Maximus* which sort of evolves over a period of time, cause I wanted to do some collaborations with people in that format, because the *Foetus* records have been becoming increasingly instrumental, I wanted to split it up and focus purely on instrumental stuff.

SLUG: Does *Steroid Maximus* have the same kind of feel as *Foetus*?

Thirwell: No, it's very different. It doesn't really touch on rock music at all. It's another genre, not rock, that doesn't have a name yet. It's atmospheric but it's very gripping at the same time. 3-D music.

SLUG: It seems like with *Foetus* you're not really confined within one genre. There's a lot of jazz and blues...

Thirwell: That's the idea. When I'm working on a project I tend to get... even within a song, I get that out of my system and then I can move on to something else.

SLUG: Is there a schizophrenia then in *Foetus*?

Thirwell: No, I wouldn't say so. I think it's all different sides of... multi-facets of the one. It's all coming from one place.

SLUG: So is there another *Foetus* record that you're working on?

Thirwell: The next thing to come out is a triple live album, in January, that was recorded on the last tour, so it's not officially *Foetus* since I've worked with other people. Then after this tour I'm going to be working on a few remixes for people and then starting on a new *Foetus* studio album, which will be out next September. And follow that with a world tour.

SLUG: How long has it been since the first *Wiseblood* album?

Thirwell: It came out, I think, in '86 or something like that.

SLUG: Was it just a matter of finding time to get back together?

Thirwell: Yeah. I mean we both have pretty grueling schedules. It's hard to find time. That's one reason it's taken so long. We started in '87, so that's five years in the making.

SLUG: Was it the same thing with the *Lydia Lunch* single?

Thirwell: To a certain extent. And then there's, you know, when you live in different cities it's more difficult to get together, so, besides doing all the music and production and so on, it's more rewarding to me... I mean I might as well do a *Foetus* record. So that's why it took so long between them.

SLUG: About your choices for the *Ruin/Lunch* EP... *Why Don't Fear The Reaper*, *Why Why Don't We Do It In The Road*?

Thirwell: *Don't Fear The Reaper* I've always liked and it seems particularly timely now. *Why Don't We Do It In The Road* came about through this compilation that Lydia was asked to contribute to—she was going to do a spoken word, and then I suggested *Why Don't We Do It In The Road*. Then I suggested maybe I should put sounds underneath and next thing you know it turns into a song, and next thing you know it's not on that compilation it's on our record.

SLUG: It seems to make more sense, your version of it, than the Beatles.

Thirwell: It's different. Musically it's totally different.

SLUG: You've been doing a lot of producing lately. The new *Pig* album has a lot of *Foetus* sounds on it.

Thirwell: Yeah, well, the old one too. I don't know why he (Raymond Watts) even sends me those records, cause



if I were him I wouldn't. It's just pure plagiarism. I worked with him a bit on the *Steroid Maximus* album that's coming out in January and he lifted sounds wholesale from that record. I can't listen to it. I find it really simple. It's just too contrived.

SLUG: Is that frustrating for you?

Thirwell: It's more irritating than frustrating. Imitation is the highest form of forgery.

SLUG: So there's no hero worship involved?

Thirwell: What, me worshipping him?

SLUG: No. Him worshipping you.

Thirwell: I don't know.

SLUG: You were doing some stuff with Jad Fair too?

Thirwell: We did some tracks together on this project called *Stinky Puffs*, which is his son Simon and him. He's brought in different people to work on it. We did five or six songs in two hours or something—which seems to be the way Jad likes to work.

SLUG: Do you think *Foetus* translates into the live situation?

Thirwell: It's very different. I think it translates great but a lot of the songs we perform I wrote never with the intention of playing live, so there was no strict adherence to a musical line-up, which is one of the restrictions of playing with a band. I get a chance to reinterpret them and they take up a totally different light; they're totally new songs.

SLUG: Do you like going back and reworking songs?

Thirwell: Yeah, I think it's great. I think

it's valid. Kind of like remixing other people's songs as opposed to producing work; trying to bring out their performance.

SLUG: How many dates do you have left on this tour?

Thirwell: Only about five to six. We've done about thirty.

SLUG: And then back to work in the studio?

Thirwell: Yeah, pretty much. Make up all the money that I'm losing on this tour. This is like my paid vacation, pretty much. I have to work non-stop so when you finally get a tour together it's like, it's my vacation. I do that and then start again. I just wanted to clear my shelves of all the releases that have been piling up and start with a fresh slate.

SLUG: So we should be looking forward to new Jim Thirwell projects, then?

Thirwell: Yeah, well after these five there's still bits and pieces dribbling out that I've worked on. It may take a while but I'm ready to start on something totally different, totally new.

SLUG: Do you have any ideas or are you just waiting?

Thirwell: I've got vague ideas but I'm past the point of hypothesizing and waiting for manifestation before I do something. It's more of an instinctive process.

Pick up Thirwell's latest three projects at finer record stores in the Salt Lake area.

D.J. Gull

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NOTES FROM THE INDUSTRIAL UNDERGROUND

If you missed Foetus, Inc. last month then to hell with you! Thirlwell and company put on one of the best shows I've seen this year—action packed and louder than you...Topping off the new releases for this month is Thirlwell's *Steroid Maximus*, an eclectic instrumental project from the Foetalmeister. Quijombo is noisy, jazzy, experimental music for your listening enjoyment. Aladed by the likes of Raymond Watts, Lucy Hamilton, Away, Hahn Rowe and Lin Culbertson, this 10 song CD has enough of the trademark Thirlwell insanity to please Foetus fans and newcomers alike...New on Wax Trax! are a full-length from *Excessive Force* and a new single from *Fred* (Giannelli) as well as a *Psychic TV* album and single. All three have great dance tracks on them but *Excessive Forces Conquer Your World* has a little more variety to it, moving from the dance floor right into aural assault. Lead by Sasha from KMFDM, *Excessive Force* is bound to conquer your stereo...Attrition has a new album, *A Tricky Business*, and single, *Thin Red Line*, out now. The band has gotten more into the techno beat and is less interesting than previously, but these are still two great works...Finally, a new single from *Clock DVA* entitled *Final Program*. It's a great follow-up to their previous record and chock full of useful scientific information that is impossible to decipher. Get out your dictionary or just enjoy it for the incredible music it is...Pankow has two new releases out as well. The first is a single, *Walpurgis Nacht*, and the second is a remix record, *Svobodyl*, which also has some new tracks and unreleased versions of songs. Leading off with *Nice Bottom/Schoner Arsch* these zany Italians take you on a fun filled adventure through the German language...Caroline Records

has released the third Electronic Body Music, *Another World Part 3*. Artists on this compilation include: *The Klinik*, *A Split Second*, *Vomito Negro*, *Noise Unit*, *Mussolini Headkick*, *In Sotto Voce* and *Boris Mikulik*...New on Nettwerk are *Hilt's* and *Severed Head's Cuisine*. If you haven't clued-in yet, *Hilt's* two-thirds of *Skinny Puppy* plus a few added members. But don't expect all the spookiness that the *Puppy-boys* usually put out. *Hilt* is more of a vent for material that hasn't fit in with the *Skinny Puppy* thing. *Severed Heads* serves up more techno sweetness and danceable grooves that will make you want to get up and boogie.

Until next month...

D.J. Evil

Pompadour Industrial Night Top 10

1. Thrill Kill Kult
'Cuz It's Hot
2. Doubting Thomas
Father Don't Cry
3. Revolting Cocks
Beers, Steers and Queers
4. Skinny Puppy
Spasmolytic Remix
5. Meat Beat Manifesto
Now
6. Thrill Kill Kult
Sex On Wheels
7. Nine Inch Nails
Get Down, Make Love
8. Coil
The Snow
9. Ministry
10. KMFDM
Godlike

D.J. Evil

BAND FEATURES

Vision House

"What is in a name?"

Romeo and Juliet

William Shakespeare

So just what does the name VISION HOUSE mean for a band? The meaning is open to individual interpretation but you can't really judge the band without first experiencing their live performance. This month they're playing a sole date at the Zephyr club on the 15th of January. These guys have been playing around town a lot lately.

It all started (officially, that is) in October of '91 when Al from HOUSE OF CARDS called his friend Frank Morrow (lead guitar/V.H.) and asked if Frank's band wanted to play the first set at the Cards upcoming date at the Bar and Grill. Now up to this point Frank and the band had undergone a lot of changes in their line-up. The latest version of V.H. hadn't been together that long but after much deliberation among the band members and their management, they decided to go for it. Thanks for the start H.O.C.

Frank has been in short-lived projects with other local musicians. He was friends with Chris Bertagnole who used to play guitar with the BAD YODELERS. Frank was a member of the Yods for one day. He also used to jam with Steve Reilly and Karl Alvarez. Almost a decade ago the three of them formed a band together called DIE TODEN (which means the dead in German) this project lasted less than a month. It seemed that Frank's most successful project over the years was with his solo basement recordings - until he met Henry Miller.

What is in a name? Henry Miller (vocals/ blues harp) is not the same Henry Miller who wrote those steamy, erotic novels like *The Tropic of Cancer* or *The Tropic of Capricorn* that were banned from being printed for years in this country... but this Henry Miller is as interesting. Henry writes lyrics for V.H.'s songs. He is also a resident artist; his forte is in oil paintings and photography. He is also in the process of having his personal account of the U.S. invasion of Iraq published; it should be printed within the next year. Pretty interesting, you have to admit.

Dan Butler (drums) is a local music veteran. He played in MAIMED FOR LIFE years ago. He says his own personal style has been inspired by Carl Palmer and the legendary jazz drummer Bill Bruford. Dan has also been known to argue philosophy with Johnny P. Oatmeal (the last of the local nihilists) and doesn't seem to mind the fact that it is hopeless to argue with such a character.

Compared to the rest Troy Gold (bass) is the young one in a band of seasoned musicians. Regardless, of how long he's been playing Troy has own influences including jazz music in general and Phil Lesh of the Dead. Troy has previously played with DA NEIGHBORS and as of this press date, with the one performance of SWINGBIKE.

How these four ended up playing together is an enigma. Their personal diversities add to the band's sound overall. To call them a blues band is not enough, especially if you consider that most rock chord progressions are blues anyway. You know the old one-four-five. Traces of all kinds of music can be heard in their songwriting. From Motorhead



Vision House Photo: By Howell's

L to R: Henry Miller, Frank Morrow, Troy Gold, Dan Butler

and Jeff Beck, to Louisiana style blues (Frank has roots in Louisiana) to almost every other style you could think of. This month V.H. is getting ready to record so they decided to book only one date. You can see them at the Zephyr on the

15th. If you enjoy original rock and are old enough, go see them, if you haven't already and even if you have... You can decide what is in their name.

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Well the adventures I have been on may hearten you to place your hands over your ears and scream with delight. Yes, I have successfully reached the motive of drinking so much liquid that it caused me to urinate seven times a day. I am still in sad regret as my absence from this macrocosm was felt the month of December. But, to those who really believe the end of the cosmos will come in the midst of my aunt Sophia's wedding, I say, "wear your Lederhosen!" It's time to be proud of your heritage, the new year is upon us, and I'm sure you will unearth the basic application methods to applying glue on your Upper lip.

The Horoscope

from your congenial psychic *Nevis Invictus*

LEO: (July 23-Aug 22)

Painting a picture that might resemble the body cavity of a skunk is not advised this month as you will have visions seeming to bring you to the same oriental noodle house. There, you will perforate a fortune cookie that has reincarnated itself but still carbon dates back to the year 1921. With the accepted knowledge that the number 21 is divisible by 7 you will be sure to recognize hair evolution near the eye lid region.

VIRGO: (Aug 23-Sept 22)

You know you're going to be bored this month, I can offer you no consolation.

LIBRA: (Sept 23-Oct 22)

If you have ever played with a chainsaw you know that they come with multi-colored handles. Apply this to your daily life and it will help you in tight spots. Personal problems will be this month's challenge especially when touching your nose area when riding the public bus, though some might stare, you will know that it is just a personal problem and will leave you next month. If possible, inflict the nose touching problem on a Virgo.

SCORPIO: (Oct 23-Nov 21)

Does it seem that you are all alone and your friends are turning out to be phone sex operators? Well, good luck has come your way but don't let it interfere with your complex with country music. Saturn should be the planet you want to visit most. Do you need green slippers? Learn the French words for "butter" and "cheese" this might lead to a romance.

SAGITTARIUS: (Nov 22-Dec 21)

Did you make a New Year's resolution? If so, did it accommodate the number seven? If it didn't, I would highly recommend that you

comfortable this month. Are you tired of dining alone? There is a nudist line you can call. See a hypnotherapist and forget about the obese Cupids that wake you every Saturday morning.

TAURUS: (April 20-May 20)

Confusion is coming. You will find that many things will not be lucid to your understanding, such as your birthday date, when to eat green things and the dwarf-like phantom that you see so often will be confusing you. The only solace I can give you is the next month romance will be bountiful and your temporary loss of sanity will be vacuumed out of your system due to a psycho spastic syndrome that happens after midnight. (a.k.a. P.S.S.)

GEMINI: (May 21-June 21)

There are certain chemicals that can be taken to help you with the urge you have to sit in a trash can. However, to take drugs is soasining that drinking the negative inverse of the hot chocolate formula would be better for ills. Talk your health problems over with Capricorn. You might find the cure to your romance problems and maybe create a new one. Cows can be sincere friends.

CANCER: (June 22-July 22)

Though you have been agonizing over social ills that keep you out in the cold when it comes to the opposite sex you will find the one this month. Just make sure he/she is clean, tidy, and has excellent knowledge on the breed of goat that faints when it's aghast. Interest is like paying money on something you don't even know, and is so worried about little creatures who try to peddle you the letter "n." You will find you're craving for purple socks.

Dearest Horoscope Readers,

I have foreseen the following occurrences within the Zodiac. I know that soon many things will take place in the lingerie market as well as those who plan to open massage shops. Hopefully, next month I will have the assistance of *Delmontus Augmentus* and our goal is to further our psychic work into new and unknown red dimensions. Until next month, I remain your benevolent psychic.

change it. Rely on a dear friend who dresses pets like people. Beware of a vicious gang of bald chicks that pull hair and draw great stick figures on a chalkboard. Day yellow paisleys make you think of George Bush?

CAPRICORN: (Dec. 22-Jan. 18)

Your phase this month can create a great acne problem, but don't worry, you have an immune system that can control this infliction, however, cramps may result, throwing you into a pre-pubescent stage that you have overlooked but not entirely forgotten. So, cheer up! All is not lost except a marble, a fingernail and a bad cough. Do Speedo bathing suits bother you?

AQUARIUS: (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)

You've been expecting a call from someone unseen? Your belief in the fashion of tomorrow could throw you on a highway leaving you to be smashed. Avoid this at all costs even if it means growing an auxiliary arm or toe because someone out there really loves your nose. Cherish foolish rhymes and eat Cap'n Crunch.

PISCES: (Feb. 19-March 20)

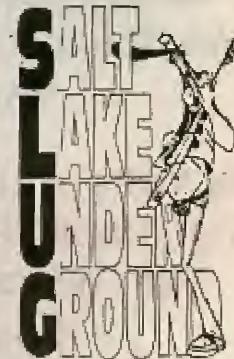
December proved to be a better month than November and you will find that your luck has not run out. But don't be too ambitious or you might find that your head looks like a pie left out in a hail storm. Find a secret hiding place and stash the letters "x" and "q" there. Find an imaginary friend and call him "Doug."

ARIES: (March 21-April 18)

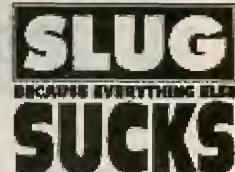
Will you see your true love? Green Volvos are a sign of good luck, however, it is your mission to find the true meaning of red Volvo station wagons. Remember back to the time when you weren't afraid of bodily noises. Non-surgical breast enlargements could be quite un-

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